### THE BALL CARTRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

The Napler parade ground at Karachi lay deserted under the glowing rays of the morning sun; but a crescendo blare of tumultuous music, which came from behind the echeloned barrack blocks, multiplied into something very like discord by the echoes from the great buildings, gave notice of speedy occupation. As the band rounded the farthest block, the echoes ceased, and the full melody of "The Campbells are Comin' " rang out clear and crisp, while her Majesty's One-hundred-and-tenth Reg-imen of the Line-better known as the

"Queen's Own Hamilton Highlanders"-defiled in fours on the parade ground eight hundred strong. The battalion was returning from practicing a new skirmishing drill with blank cartridge on the sandy scrub at the rear of the barracks. When the last files were well clear of the barracks, the turned his horse aside from the head of the regiment; quarter column was smartly formed on the leading company, and the word was given to halt and stand at ease. At a sign from the chief the officers fell out and grouped themselves around him; the men were called to attention, and the parade was dismissed. In a moment the orderly formation was dissolved into a swarming mass of hungry soldiers hurrying to their respective barrack rooms intent on breakfast.

But the Colonel still sat motionless on his horse in the center of the parade ground, surrounded by his officers. This was the time at which, if anything had gone wrong with the drill, he would improve the occasion and administer a soldierly lecture to the delinquent; but to-day all the latest joined subalterns had clear consciencesthe drill had been performed without a blunder, and there seemed to be no reason why the customary "Good morning, gentlemen" should not be spoken at once. There was no cloud on the Colonel's hard-featured but kindly face; he appeared only thoughtful, and as though he were wanting. As a matter of fact, that is just what he was doing. As soon as the last laggard of the rank and file had passed beyond the possibility of hearing, he looked down on the upturned faces around him and said very quietly: "Gentlemen, I know you will be sorry to hear what I have to tell you. Twice this morning in the course of the practice I was shot at with ball cartridge." Discipline prevailed and no one spoke, but the little group unconsciously pressed nearer, and the combination of suppressed emotion yielded a sound like a long-drawn sigh. The Colonel, keenly in touch with those confronting him, evidently felt, and was moved by, the angry horror his announce-ment had called forth; he stooped down and patted his charger's neck before proceeding: "It is not the first time. On Tuesday I thought I heard a bullet pass close to me, but not being positively certain, I decided, for the credit of the regiment, to say nothing. To-day there was no room for doubt. One ball just cleared my left shoulder, within a couple of inches of my ear; the other, as you see, made its mark. Both shots were fired in quick succession when I was on the rough ground at the rear of the hospital." He held up his bridle arm, and plainly visible to every one was a bul-let hole through the sleeve cuff.

major-comrade and trusty friend of the Colonel's since they fought side by side as boy ensigns at Alma. Throwing paradeground etiquette to the winds, he blurted out: "Good heavens, Macleod, you're not hit, are you?" while an excited murmur of surmise and suggestion began to be audible among the others.

The Colonel held up his hand again—for silence this time. "I did not detain you, gentlemen," he said, "to discuss the matter here, but merely to inform you of what has

The sight was too much for the senior

happened, so that company officers may endeavor to put their finger on the man who fired at me. At the same time, you are to take it as a positive order not to let a suspicion of this leak out. Tell no one but the color sergeants, and impress it on them that they are only taken into confidence in order to assist your inquiries. If I find that so much as a rumor gets about among the men or outside, I'll break every color sergeant in the regiment. For the honor of the corps we must discover the delinquent with-out any fuss, and that being so, directly you have a clew you will report to me before making an arrest. In the meanwhile this is not to be referred to at mess or any-where in public. I think that is all, gentlemen. I thank you for your sympathy and

d you good morning." Colonel Macleod turned his horse towards the officers' lines and rode off slowly, accompanied by the two majors and the adju-tant. The unmounted officers strolled after in twos and threes in the same direction, and it was a relief to them to hear the chief, now that the stiffness of "duty" etiquette was relaxed, explaining to his companions that he was quite unhurt. For Col. Macleod was adored by officers and men alike. Stern and unbending enough on duty and in the field, in private he was the guide, counselor and friend of every one. To all ranks the Colonel's person and the honor of the Hamilton Highlanders were the two most sacred things on earth most sacred things on earth.

And now both these cherished possessions had been threatened with startling suddenness by the foul deed of the morning. Small wonder was it that those to whose aston-ished ears the secret had been intrusted should be agitated and anxious as they sought their quarters. The chief point in the minds of all was the utter absence of motive; for "crime," in the military sense, was almost nonexisting in the happy and contented ranks of the regiment, and punishment, with its consequent heart burnings, was therefore a rarity. The Colonel had not even had occasion to confine a man to barracks for nearly a year. "It is the act of a madman; one of the men must have gone suddenly mad," said

Stuart Dalzell, the only subaltern of G Company present with the battalion, as he paced by the side of Alec Frazer, his cap-"That is the only explanation I can see which would not involve disgrace," replied

the other, thoughtfully. "Is there not the alternative of accident?" asked Dalzell. 'It is not unknown in other regiments for ball cartridges to get mixed with blank ammunition.'

"That must be left out of the question in this case" said Frazer. "The fact of the Colonel having been narrowly missed on Tuesday, and again twice to-day, bars such a supposition. If there had been any mis-take in the ammunition the odds are a hundred to one that some one else besides the chief would have heard or felt the bullets. There is some influence at work more dangerous than error, I fear; and if I am right in my judgment it concerns you and me rather more closely than the other fellows. Here we are at my bungalow. Come in, Dalzell, and I will tell you what I

Captain Frazer led the way on to the veranda, where several Bombay chairs were set out ready for guests, after the hospitable fashion of the East. Motioning his companion to be seated, before joining him he called his Hindu servant and told him to run over to the barracks and tell Ser-geant Ferguson to come to the bungalow as soon as he had finished breakfast. Then he sat down by his friend and subaltern and put into words a suspicion which was already half formed in the minds of both. "I see by your face that you have guessed the drift of my hint, Dalzell," he began. "The scoundrel or lunatic who is at the bottom of this outrage belongs to G Company as sure as you and I sit here. On us two and on Ferguson-for he must help uslies the onus of saving dear old Macleod from the danger that threatens him. The worst of it is that our success in that direction, which we must move heaven and earth to attain, will most likely mean everlasting ignomy to the regiment, and to our own company in particular."

"You arrive at this conclusion from the position of G company at the time the shots were fired-that is to say, when the colonel was among the bowlders at the back of the hospital?" said Dalzell.

'Quite so," replied Frazer. "As you doubtless remember, our company was at right angles to the bowlders some five hundred yards away and was firing hard during the few minutes the colonel pulled up there. It is true other companies in our half battalion were firing also, but they were extended much further out on the plain and a shot from them would not have pierced MacLeod's cuff laterally in a neat hole like that. Had the ball come from either extremity of the line the sleeve would have been ripped lengthwise."

The Lieutenant made no reply for a few moments. He sat abstractedly staring at the sandy plain, and then he said: "All that you suggest is terribly true, Frazer. and yet somehow it seems incomprehensi-All the men in our company are such good fellows; even the last batch of recruits are as nice a lot of lads as ever joined us. Before parade this morning l would have trusted my life to any one of them, and I'm not at all sure that I would not do so still. Is it not just on the cards that there may be some native deviltry at the bottom of this?"

"That is a little too far fetched, I am afraid," returned Frazer. "The country all round is as flat as a billiard table, and we used every available inch of cover our-selves. A murderously inclined native, even did such a one exist, could not have passed unnoticed. But here comes Ferguson; let us hear whether he can help us." The color sergeant of G company was a endid specimen of the highland soldier

six feet two of stately growth the drills of twenty years had failed to knock quite all the loose-limbed lissomeness of his mountaineering youth. There were many Veterans in the corps who had fought in Afghanistan and in Egypt, but for per-sonal prowess in the field the record of this stern-visaged warrior out-distanced those of all his comrades. Was it not written in the chronicles of the regiment that his strong right arm had saved the colors at Maiwand? And was not the rib-bon of the V. C. on his breast in token that he had snatched Colonel MacLeod, sorely wounded, from among the Arab spears of El Teb? Frazer and Dalzell, watching him step on to the veranda and stiffening visibly as he approached his officers, could not help thinking that but for the colonel's injunction, if Ferguson ever had the handling of him, it would go hard with the miscreant who had tried to undo that brave rescue.

The color sergeant halted with a salute in front of the Bombay chairs, and stood waiting. Captain Frazer knew his man too well to beat about the bush and try to break the news to him gently. The soldierly qualities of the veteran required soidierly treatment, and his officer was aware that whether he got it first or last, the shock would be the same, and its effect

equally well concealed.
"Ferguson," said Frazer, "the Colonel was shot at this morning on parade—with ball cartridge, you understand-and from the position he occupied at the time, I am inclined to think the bullets came from G company. Can you suggest any clew which may help to trace the scoundri or madman who fired them?"

The angry glare in the sergeant's eyes and a quiver of the nostrils were the only sign he gave, except that there was a scarce perseptible tremor in his voice as he made answer: "It must have been an accident, sir; there's nae lad in G company-ay, nor in a' the regiment-would willingly put his hand to sic a dastardly deed."

Frazer hastened to inform Ferguson of the previous attempt on the preceding Tuesday, which had put the idea of accident beyond the bounds of reasonable con-"It's nae matter," said the color sergeant.

"Sic an accident as that wad be waur than a crime. I'm glad to ken that it is neither, by your honor's showing. Some puir body among the lads has been stricken daft, and done this thing; but I canna say who-be-fore to-morrow night." Both the officers started in surprise. "You suspect some one, then?" exclaimed Dal-

zell. "You have noticed a strangeness in the manner of one of the men, and wish to verify your suspicions?" "In that case, sergeant," added Frazer, "it is your duty to confide your suspicions to us. This is a serious affair, in which we have the Colonel's positive orders not to act definitely without informing him. It is my belief that if he can see his way to preventing a repetition of the attempt he will

move heaven and earth to hush the whole thing up. matter except under orders, sir," replied the color sergeant, "the mair especially as I hae nae mair suspicion than a bairn. It is just that suspicion I'm after getting, and by your honor's leave I'll get it tomorrow night."

"How do you mean to get to work?" asked the Captain. "I ken nae guid it will do tellin' ye, sir. Seein' that I'll e'en tak the risk o't mysel'; ye maun let me hae my ain way, and no speak ae word," replied Ferguson. Now, the color sergeant was a privileged

old soldier, and might on ordinary occasions have presumed a good deal more than he was in the habit of doing; but under the circumstances his answer was a little more than the captain of his company could

"Nonsense, Ferguson," said the latter sharply. "You will either inform me at once what tseps you mean to take, or take no steps at all. That is an order, mind; and please remember that the Colonel's life may depend upon your decision. There will be another blank-firing parade day after to-morrow, and he is not the man to ab-sent himself because of what happened to-

The color sergeant was still standing at attention, and his fingers clawed convulsively at the seams of his trowsers as he listened to the alternatives thus plain y placed before him; but he chose the one Frazer had expected, prefacing his explan-ation with, "Ye may ca' me a fule, sir, but I ken better than that." And then he told how he had scraped acquaintance with one Rajab Ali, a native of Surat, who had recently established himself in the Sudder Bazaar, ostensibly as an astrologer, but who, to justify the sergeant's evident belief in him, must have been a past master of the black art as well. According to Ferguson, Rajab Alı had the means, either by cards or by the divining-rod, of unveiling what was hidden in the past, the present or the future. He, the sergeant, had been privileged to test the astrologer's marvelous powers, and he had but little doubt velous powers, and he had but little doubt but that the latter would be able to cope with the mystery which was puzzling them. He was to meet Rajab by appointment at the rear of the barracks on the following might be marked by the second with a night, when he was to be favored with a further demonstration, and he would take the opportunity of getting this matter cleared up at once for all.

Frazer smiled incredulously, and then his

face was clouded with a shade of disap-pointment. He had been pinning his faith to the practical assistance of his shrewd old subordinate, and now the latter had nothing to offer but a rather out-of-date sample of Highland superstition. What was worse, the captain was half inclined to think that Rajab All and his divining rod were only being exploited as a substitute for more sensible methods of detection, because Ferguson obstinately refused to be-lieve in the possible guilt of any member

"Come, Ferguson," said Frazer, "this is no time for tomfoolery of that kind. Be-sides, you forget the Colonei's orders not to blab the affair to anyone. You will best show your zeal by going back to barracks and checking the amount of ball cartridge in your charge. By comparing the result with the musketry sergeant's register of every shot fired on the ranges it may be possible to trace the cartridges that were used. There must be at least three short somewhere. At any rate, that will be a more sensible way of going to work than questioning a native impostor, whose first task will be to bandy a garbled account of the case about the bazaars."
'I dinna mean heckling the body or confidin' anything to him, sir," replied Fergu-

son ruefully. "I should only ask him to show me what I most desire to see-same as he showed me my auld mither's face in a pool of ink in his hand a while agone. May-hap this time I should behold the daftle who did this de'il's wark. I will make a return of receipts from magazine and ammunition in stock and bring them with the musketry registers, sir," added the Sergeant quickly, noting the growing impatience on his officer's face.

"Let me have them by noon," said Frazer, shortly; and Ferguson, seeing that the interview was at an end, saluted and retired with knitted brows. The Captain and Lieutenant watched him striding away across the parade ground, and it was not till he had passed far beyond hearing that

Dalzell broke silence. "I suppose you were right," he said, "to put a damper on his ardor in that direction; but, do you know, I have got a sort of feeling-I won't go to the length of calling it a presentiment-that perhaps this fellow Rejab might, after all, put us on the

right scent. Frazer stared at his subaltern in astonishment "You don't mean to tell me, Stuart, that you believe in magic and such like?" he exclaimed.

"No," said the other, "I do not; and yet the motive-not the reason-which sets me hankering after this Surati astrologer's acquaintance is pretty nearly the same, I expect, as that which makes the Sergeant so keen on consulting him. I mean that Ferguson has absolute faith in the lads of G Company, and will catch at any straw rather than try of his own initiative to fasten suspicion on any one of them. That is precisely my case. I suggested just now that native mischief might somehow be at the bottom of the attempt on Macleod. do not believe in Rajab Ali's magic; but I know that if he is as cunning and omniscient as the majority of the rascals of his profession, it is just on the cards that he may hold the key of the situation. The mere fact, too, of finding a native of that class on a friendly footing in the barracks seems to me, under the circumstances, to be worthy of investigation.

"What do you propose, then?" asked "With your leave," replied Dalzell, "I should like to be with Ferguson at the interview which it is very plain our obstinate old friend means having with Rajab tomorrow night. If I can work it so as to be myself unseen by the native, so much the better, and at any rate my presence would

be a guarantee that the Colonel's wish for secrecy was respected." "Have it your own way." said Frazer.
"I think you will waste your time, but I cannot see any harm in the idea. And now we had better tub, and go and get some breakfast at mess."

CHAPTER II. The five great stone barrack blocks stood out gaunt and clear in the silver beams of an Indian full moon. In front, on the paradeground side, there was bustle and life in plenty; for, though the sun had set two hours ago, it was not yet late, and the canteen and recreation rooms were still open. But in the rear, where the sandy wilderness stretched right up to the barrack walls, all was deserted and silent save for the cries of the jacals in the distant scrug waiting for the "lights-out" bugle to encourage them for their nightly prowl round the cook houses, These necessary offices consisted of small detached buildings placed behind, and some

smells and refuse should not be a danger and an annoyance to the soldiers. At this time in the evening the Portuguese cooks had long since gone to their homes in the bazaar, and in the ordinary course the cook houses would have been locked up and left to themselves till it was time to prepare the

men's breakfasts in the morning.

To-night, however, it appeared that the bobaji khana belonging to G Company was to be in request for a rendezvous. The gong at the quarter guard had just struck 8, when two men came round the corner of the block and entered the cook house. Dalzell had found the sergeant quite willing to allow him to witness his interview with the astrologer, and even eager to adopt a course which he evidently regarded as certain to obtain another convert to the mystic art. For Ferguson placed more reliance than ever on his preceptor Rajab, seeing that the scrutiny of the ammunition and of the reg-isters had failed to yield further information than that four ball cartridges were missing from the company chest, but that every man had properly accounted for each round served out to him.

The color sergeant ushered his officer into the cookhouse and pointed out how he could see and hear everything that passed by stationing himself at an unglazed window at the back. "The chiel has eyes like searchlights, sir," he said as he prepared to go outside; "sae

ye must e'en keep yoursel' in the shadow. Mayhap he would refuse to display his quality if so be as he thocht he was o'er-"How did you first pick this chap up, Ferguson?" asked Dalzell, settling himself

in his hiding place. The Sergeant paused on the threshhold, and for a moment seemed puzzled to find and for a moment seemed puzzled to find an answer. "It was he that picked me up, sir, I suppose—when I come to think of it," he replied at last. "I was walking in the bazaar a month back and he came up and said in Hindustani he should be pleased to read me the voice of the stars. They a' ken in barracks that I am partial to speerin' after spirits and sic things. Mayhap he had heard it frae some of the lads. But whisht!-here he comes."

Feguson stepped into the open, shutting the door behind him, and Dalzell crouched by the window to watch for the upshot of events. He had not long to wait. Half a minute later the color sergeant came into view, conversing in Hindustani with a tall, lithe native, whose white garments and carefully arranged turban proclaimed him to be of better substance than the usual run of mendicant jugglers. As they came into line with the window Ferguson halted and suggested that there, under cover of the cookhouse, they would be free from observation-a proposition to which Rajab, after a hasty glance around, gave his assent. The moonlight fell full on his face, and Dalzell, peering from his lair not six feet away, thought he had never seen such wonderful eyes before. There was nothing shifty or snakelike about them; they were calm and steadfast enough, but they glowed like two balls of liquid fire. "And what does the Sergeant sahib order is slave to show him to-night?" began

Rajab, when they had finished their greetings. "The moon is in the ninth house, and the period is very favorable for seeing "Show me the countenance of the man I most desire to see," replied Ferguson, speaking in the vernacular with which his ten years' Indian service had familiarized

Taking a phial from the folds of his gar-ment, Rajab poured the inky contents into the sergeant's outstreched palm, bidding him at the same time fix his eyes on his own. Dalzell, watching closely, noticed a strange dreamy look spread over Fergu-son's face, while his eyes began to wear a dazed, scared expression. "The beggar is hypnotizing him!" thought the lieutenant to himself. "I wonder if-

But no; it cannot be.' His train of ideas was interrupted by the voice of the astrologer addressing the sergeant in tones of low but peremptory command. "There is a Colonel's parade tomorrow," began Rajab, "You will provide yourself with two rounds of ball cartridge from the company chest. In the course of the drill you will aim at Macleod sahib's heart, taking care that you are unobserved. If the first bullet fails its mark you will use the second. And you will dismiss from your mind all knowledge of what you are doing and whence you received these instructions. Except that you will carry out these behests, you will be in all respects an innocent man. You are to be-lieve that the ball cartridges which you fire at the Colonel sahib are blank, both before and after the deed. Will you do my

Dalzell, listening horror struck, heard Ferguson's voice make answer in far-off sounding tones: "I will do your bidding." "Now look into your hand," said Rajab. "What do you behold?"

"I behold my own face." "That will serve as well as another," proceeded the juggler, removing his gaze for the first time. "You can return to the

Slowly and heavily Ferguson blinked his way back to sense and self-control again. When the juggler had given his victim time for recovery he asked in his original servile tones. "And was a vision vouchsafed to the sergeant sahib?"

"No," was the reply, "at least not the one I sought. I beheld but my own face reflected in my hand. You have failed tonight, Rajab."

"Something you heard while you were

"Something you heard while you were looking at the fluid may have distracted you," suggested the native. "It couldn't have been that," replied the sergeant. "Why, I only gazed for a moment and you did not speak the while."

"Tis well," said Rajab. "The failure is not of man but of the stars, and their poor servant is not responsible. Perchance on the next occasion they will be more propitious. And now, fare you well, for it is getting late and I have other work to do." And with a deferential salaam to the

sergeant he turned and glided away toward the native city. Ferguson waited till he had gone some way and then joined Dalzeli at the door of the cookhouse. The two walked towards the barracks together. The lieutenant did not speak; he was thinking with all his

"A failure to-night, sir," remarked the sergeant, after waiting vainly for his superior's comment. "My ain face, too. Had he just been pokin' fun at me he could na weel hae jok it mair reasonably." They had reached the point where Dal-ell's way would lead to the mess. "Get back to your quarters," he said rapidly. You must not be missed. I am sorry our errand has been fruitless, but 1 did not expect much from it. Good night," and in his hurry to rid himself of the man he wished to spare he almost pushed the other away. Ferguson disappeared into the bar-rack, wondering at his officer's haste to return to mess.

The moment he was out of sight Dalzell changed his course, and, running back behind the barracks, started in pursuit of the vile wretch whose scheme he meant to frustrate. His mind was made up. He must overtake Rajab at all hazards, and compel him to come before the Colonel, whose first feeling, he felt sure, would be sympathy for the innocent instrument. How to punish the criminal without letting Ferguson know how nearly he had slain his beloved chief was a nut for Macleod to crack; but Dalzell knew he would move heaven and earth to manage it, for to a man of the color sergeant's temperament a revelation of his unconscious act would mean madness or suicide.

The young officer came up with the flit-ting white figure just beyond the jail, where the road begins and the desert gives away gradually to the habitations of half-caste camp-followers. The man saw that he was pursued, and quickened his pace, but Dalzell's long legs gave the quarry no chance. Two minutes after Pajab knew that he was followed the Lieutenant's grip was on his shoulder. "Come back with me, Rajab." said Dalzell quietly; "you are wanted at the Colonel's bungalow."

The Surati was panting violently, but he appeared in no way disconcerted, and tried hard to fix his captor with those fatal eyes. Dalzell, knowing his danger, kept his own averted; he thought it advisable, too, to show the revolver he had brought with him. Rajab bowed meekly and obeyed, but for half a second, unseen of the other, his hand was plunged into the bosom of his white robe.

For some distance they walked in silence, and it was not till they were nearing the cantonments that Dalzell decided to put two questions to his prisoner. "Your only chance of life is to speak the truth," he said, "for your wickedness is known. What have you against our Colonel that you have done this thing? Rajab cacght his foot in a stone and

staggered as he made reply, and his voice sounded weak and thin. "The Colonel Sahib was president of the court-martial which sentenced my brother, Ghoiam Bux, of the Third Bombay Cavalry, to penal servitude," he said. "I have sworn to avenge him, and I use my gift—that is all."
"And what," pursued Dalzell, "will be the effect on the sergeant of your treatment of him? Now that he will be prevented from doing your scoundrelly work to-morrow will he always remain under the spell and make further attempts on other

Rajab made no answer, and Dalzell, looking down at him, saw that he was shivering as if ague struck. "Nearly dead with funk," thought the young officer, and repeated the question.

The spell only refers to to-morrow," replied Rajab very slowly. "You need have no fear. Allah has willed it that the Colonel sahib should live, and that I, Rajab, the son of Hyder the juggler, should die." And even as he spoke he fell-a heap of crumpled white linen-on the sandy road. Dalzell, stooping over him, eaught a whiff of the deadly churrus-the concentrated and strongly poisonous form of In-dian hemp or hashish-and knew that his prisoner had solved the difficulty he had foreseen. The question of punishment would not arise, for Rajab Ali, self-slain, had gone to his own place. Hal! an hour later Dalzell related his great black bearded man, from when little way from the main blocks, so that the evening's experience to Frazer, and to-

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gether they sought the Colonel, who at once decided that Ferguson must never know his share in the dead man's misdeeds. Colonel Macleod went on the sick list and was absent from parade next day, while the finding of the dead body of a native in the cantonment road was matter of very little moment to any one except to the color sergeant of G company, who to this day deplores the untimely end of the seer, who would, sooner or later, he feels sure, have shown him the "daftie who fired at

-Headon Hill, in Chambers's Journal.

WHAT TO WEAR.

There is an unusually large stock this season of black dress fabrics in all wool from which to select a mourning outfit. Silk petticoats for evening wear are ex-tremely ornate. They are befrilled and be-flounced to such an extent that they could easily be worn outside instead of beneath a

Very pretty vine-embroidered, brier-stitched, or tuck and insertion, all-over fabrics in lawn, French muslin, and Indian linen are shown this season, designed for yokes, waists and borderings for summer

While many of the spring modes are stylish and picturesque, the designers of many others appear to have gone out of their way even to fashion those which are absolutely disfiguring. In the matter of shoulder capes, not a few of the new mod-

els are preposterous. Besides the leagues of fancy lace of every imaginable design, and of every width from one inch to one yard, in cream, ecru, white, black and butter color, are more novel gar-nitures of frilled tulle hung with sparkling spangles and sequins. These will be alike popular for bodice trimming and decorations in millinery.

Tearose evening waists of silk gauze or chiffon, with fine jet trimmings, are worn with black watered silk skirts. Pink and sea green taffetas are brightened with delicate gold vines running through the stripes; and in Paris pink corded silk is used for bridesmaids' tollets, with black velvet ribbon trimmings, and large black velvet hats. Designers seem to possess but two ideas in regard to bonnets, the French headdress consisting of a snatch of lace, a roll of satin, and a nodding algrette, a Marie Stuart shape becoming only the few, or the tiny capote, that looks only large enough to cover a child's head, leaving the face and head of a woman of any size at all completely "out of doors."

If the run upon ribbons of every color, kind and width is phenomenal, so likewise is the demand for moire—black moire more particularly. Moire is watered in many novel patterns. The water mark remains, but it is supplemented with dots, lozenge figures, shadow figures, floral effects, ribbed stripes and similar designs. These certainly lend novelty to the material, but to many minds this is novelty devoid of charm.

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"Women are a great deal smarter than men, anyway," said Mrs. Penn Knife Blade. "How do you make that out?" asked her husband. "Because," she replied, taking the cry-ing baby which her husband was awkwardly holding first on one knee and then on the other, and placing it comfortably on her lap, "because she is always a lap ahead of him."

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